Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

word of their lord, and plenty smiled around. They are gone; they have sounded beneath the ax, and their place is desolate. The windows of the palace are broken, and the winds howl through the empty hall. The roof is removed, and the tempest is no more excluded. The daw sits on the top, and builds his nest undisturbed.

At a distance, its grandeur appears to remain, but on a nearer approach you behold its mouldering ruins. Yet its foundations are not old. So some lovely daughter of beauty arises with all her kindling charms; she blooms for a while, and every heart is on fire: Death arrests her in the middle of her course, and every eye is in tears.

That wood which indents the southern end of the lake, is called Creagh-bog, and though only composed of low bushes, yet, at a distance, has all the beauties of full grown trees. Nearer to us, on the eastern shore, you see, where imbosomed within that wood stands Raymond cottage. Here the sylvans appear to have delayed, to take a last view of our country before they forsake it for ever. Here, when the sun rages in summer's heat, Contemplation might dwell, where Silence is all around, and the shades of the lofty oak afford a secure retreat from his beams. In vain do the howling blasts of winter attempt to drive him from his loved retreat, for a cottage in all the elegance of rusticity opens its doors to receive the welcome guest.

Here, retiring from the hurry of the world, the patriot, the friend of his country (and of such she has need) may reflect in solitude, on the blessings which the great can bestow, and feel the pleasure of making thousands happy.

This lake, continued Mr. Goodwill, contains a number of islands, the largest of which is the Church-island, so called from the ruins of an ancient church. Of this place there are many remarkable things told; it is well worth seeing, and many years since, was visited by two strangers, very odd fellows; it was said, they were accompanied by an old acquaintance of mine, called Jonathan Simple, who (I was told, when last in this country) was going to write an account of their journey. Jonathan's character was like his name—his account, however, if written, may be worth inquiring after; and as his house lies on our way, and is not far distant, it will be easy to learn the truth of it.————Alas! and is he dead? He is, said Mrs. Simple; here, however, are some of his papers; you should have had them all, but young Jonathan has made the rest into a kite—emblem of the writer's head—It is but short, said Mr. Goodwill, and may be read before supper.

JUVENIS.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

AN ESSAY ON WITCHCRAFT.

"Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be;
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me."

GREAT as the progress of civilization has been during the last century, and much as reason has triumphed over superstition throughout that period, the whole is far from being eradicated, and in nought is it more visible than in the belief concerning witchcraft, and cows losing their milk, or butter, by charms and incantations. This very absurd notion is still pretty common, for many districts yet have a "Moll White," and of course a "Mary Butters," or some person very skilled in charms, to counteract her diabolical designs upon the cattle; which are very seldom believed to fail of their usual quantity of milk, from any cause but witchery, &c. It is truly surprising that any person possessed of rational understanding should believe it possible for milk to be taken from a cow without touching her; more especially to leave the milk and deprive it of butter, for numerous are the stories told of such deeds being done,

"When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came."

The late dreadful catastrophe, in Carnmoney, I thought would have annihilated such superstition, at least in this part of the country, but it seems to have had the contrary effect on those who entertain these strange

opinions; they say some part of the charm had not been properly wound up, therefore the delinquents when forced to appear, were enabled to take vengeance, in the most summary manner, on those whom they found counteracting their infernal purpose. It is singular that those said to be adepts in this mystic art should be generally old women, who are said to have sold themselves to the devil to obtain a part of his art; they are certainly stupid agents, and stupid the devil is if he employs such agents. Those who believe in such nonsense, say, certain times are more dangerous for witching than others; May-day is accounted very ticklish, as letting fire be taken out of the house, on that day would cause some disaster; letting fire be taken out when churning, or making cheese, is also reckoned very unlucky. I have remarked that a large portion of those people are observers of omens, and are raised or depressed in spirits, as they operate on their disordered fancies; for as a late eminent author has justly observed, "if you are pleased with prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition." To reason with such people as the fore-mentioned is of no use, for if you contradict any of their favourite errors, they instantly call you an unbelieving infidel, or some such term; as a proof of this assertion I insert the following anecdote. Being in a friend's house a few days after the melancholy affair in Carnmoney, the discourse, of course, was concerning warlocks, &c. One of the persons present, was, if possible, confirming the others in their belief, by briefly relating the story of the woman of Endor. When he had done speaking, I remarked that there was no proof in scripture of that woman being a witch, but rather the contrary; the person who appeared, being really Samuel, as was evident from the woman being frightened at his appearance, and the words, "And Saul perceived it was Samuel." I added it was plain she was a juggler, and that his appearance was unexpected by her, and must have been by the power of God; for who, continued I, can believe that a witch, if she really had been such, could have power to raise up a prophet of God from the dead. Those remarks seemed both to surprise and exasperate the whole company, they looked at each other for some time, in silence, the former narrator at length said, he would not argue with a person who denied the very scriptures, for it was plain I was a disciple of Tom Paine's. The latter part of this sentence was very consequentially delivered, and had all the effect he could have wished upon the hearers, who seemed to gain fresh enthusiasm from his words, and exclaimed, "O, you are perfectly right, never argue with one who makes a jest of the scriptures, and denies every thing that is sacred human or divine!" I now perceived it was in vain to reason with such a group of fanatics, for "enthusiam and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason;" considering them labouring under these infirmities, therefore rather objects of pity than anger, I left them to enjoy their imaginary triumph. According to these whimsical people it is very difficult to guard against charms, &c. as they are oft communicated by the eye, in what is commonly called, the blink of an ill, or evil eye; by this power alone, cows are said to be deprived of their milk, &c. even the human species are said to suffer by this charm. In several parts of England this superstition is prevalent, but there it is necessary for the witch to repeat thrice, I wish, but here, it is said to be done in a moment without any previous words. Second-sight, or the power of seeing things before-hand, I believe is not claimed by any, save the scottish highlanders, a poor illiterate people; although this gift (as it is termed) is rather sanctioned by several authors, I must still consider it as more wild and fantastick than any of the former. The belief of witchcraft is pretty common in most parts of Scotland; a late tourist mentions a person who carved pieces of wood in a curious manner, to be kept in cow-houses as a preservative against charms, and every species of witchery. Mr. Boswell, also mentions a Mr. M'Queen, a minister of a parish, who

preached against such nonsense, with great success; he gave any person leave to take the milk from his cows, provided they did not touch them, this had such an effect, that not the least vestige of this superstition, in a short time remained in the parish. I really think a series of such lectures would be very useful in most parishes, and attended with the same beneficial consequences. The late event at Bramley, near Leeds, and the execution of the impostor Mary Bateman, is a striking instance of credulity, but of too recent a date to require insertion here. However, those wild opinions are decreasing very fast, and there is every reason to believe that at the conclusion of the present century there will be "scarce a wreck behind."

C. Fergus. S.M.S.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

WILL you venture to publish the following letter of just remonstrance, written to Thomas Paine, some years before his death, by a worthy friend of mine in England? For justness of sentiment and energy of expression, I can recommend it to the true friends of philanthropy.

"*Dear Sir,*

In retiring from the revolutionary scenes of Europe, you will not, I trust, retire from those labours which are now strongly agitating the human intellect, and making oppressors tremble. While enormity is the growth of every soil, and while crimes, sanctioned by law, are suffered to blur the fairest institutions of mankind, powers such as you possess can never want employment. Pregnant with the purest political wisdom, you contributed in no small degree to emancipate the people of America from the proud domination of Britain, and you are now called upon in the name of suffering humanity, to aim at rescuing one part of that very American people, from the abominable grasp of the other. With tyranny, in whatever garb he may appear, you have waged perpetual war; and surely there cannot be a tyranny more truly execrable, than that of the republican planter lording it over his toil worn, lacerated slaves. Turn your attention then, to the southern states of the American union, and there among a people who have fought, and who have bled in defence of their own liberty, you may delineate the dark, and melancholy features of Negro slavery. Who, that is not familiar with wrong, could behold one of these pigmy despots, in the midst of his rice or tobacco plantation, without reprobating the government that can authorize such a system? Who that is not inured to outrage, could witness the incessant toil, the frequent exercise of the twisted thong, the Osnaburgh frock stained with human blood, and the sable countenance marked with inutterable anguish, without detesting the wretch, who tremblingly alive with respect to his own rights, can yet become the cruel violater of the rights of others? Who that is not an habitual hypocrite, could follow the democratic slave holder to the legislature of his country, and hear him declaim on the rights of American citizens, on violated constitutions, &c. without the strongest sensations of loathing and disgust? Or in short, who, that has the feelings of a man, could behold this complicated villainy, without adopting your own indignant assertion, "that tyranny and martyrdom, like taxation and representation, ought to go hand in hand?" To ameliorate the situation of man is evidently the object of your writings; and whilst your favourite America can exhibit such atrocities, it is impossible, I again repeat it, that powers such as you possess can ever want employment. The man who is truly a philanthropist, will ever be consistent; he cannot possess one class of feelings for white men, and another for negroes no! his arms embrace the universe and all mankind are his brethren. From the head of the Chesapeak to the borders of Florida, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi is a widely extended region, in which you may have many admirers, who would no doubt take it in dudgeon, were you to appear inimical to their miscalled interests; yet notwithstand-